

Monday, January 20, 1849.

AGENCY.—JAMES M. RICHMOND, Post-master at Salisbury, is Agent for the paper, for Edgecombe and the adjoining Counties. He will take pleasure in receiving new subscribers and recouping for any money due in this respect.

AGENCY.—JAMES M. RICHMOND, Post-master at Clinton, is authorized to receive for any money due this establishment in the County of Sampson. Mr. Johnson will also receive new subscribers and recouping for any money due in this respect.

Dr. J. B. SAAVY is our authorized agent, and will recouping for any money due to his neighborhood; he will also receive new subscribers to the Journal, and recouping for the same.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Consists not solely in vindicating the name and rights of our country, by military powers and courage in the tented field, but also in contributing by all the influence of our position and talents to her respectability, and the development of her resources and the furtherance of her prosperity, at home. There are victories in peace as well as at war, and in the proud list of peaceful victories to which hereafter North Carolinians may point with peculiar pleasure, we may count the passage of the Central Rail Road bill.

The following article taken from the Standard, enumerates the gentlemen who were its most distinguished advocates. Well may Mr. Shuford, of Catawba, have exclaimed that he was proud of being associated with such men! They comprehend persons of almost every shade of difference in political opinion, and many whose names are known, not alone in this State, but are familiar in the whole Union. We are sorry to recognise among their opponents one or two personal friends. We cannot but feel a deep regret that from motives of opposition to any thing looking like sectional legislation simply, they should have omitted the opportunity of recording their names in favor of a measure, which must forever be an enduring monument of the patriotism and public spirit of its distinguished advocates.

THE CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

On Thursday last, the bill to lay off and establish a Rail Road from Goldsboro' to Charlotte, and providing for the repair of the Raleigh and Gaston Road, passed its third reading in the Commons by a vote of 59 to 53. We were not so fortunate as to hear Mr. Stanly's effort in favor of this bill, but it is spoken of on all hands as every way worthy of the gentleman's reputation as a public speaker.

We entered the Hall as Mr. Dobbin was addressing the House on the same side of the question. He took, as Mr. Stanly had done, the broadest grounds in favor of a general system of Internal Improvements; and every word which fell from his lips, appeared to sink home to the hearts of members, and of the large assembly in attendance. We quote from the Register the following brief account of this remarkably able and effective speech:

"When we entered, the floor was occupied by Mr. Dobbin, and we regretted that we had lost a single sentence of his able and stirring speech. He commenced by the poverty and desolation which our supineness had brought on us, in spite of great natural advantages, with the flourishing condition of States which had adopted liberal systems of Internal Improvements. He said that North Carolina should not hesitate to go in debt to the amount of three millions, in order to carry on, extended, but judicious plans of improvement. We had nothing to do, he said, but to instruct the State Treasurer to advertise that North Carolina wanted to borrow four millions, and ten times the amount would immediately be offered her. The citizens of the little State of Massachusetts, which was not much larger than our own, had borrowed a million and a half, and were now repaying it, and never felt it. 'How,' inquired Mr. Satterthwaite, 'is little Massachusetts able to do so much money? How did she make it?' She is enabled to do so, replied Mr. Dobbin, because years ago she commenced, and has continued to carry forward an extensive system of Internal Improvements. It is because she has accomplished what we have yet to begin, that she has her millions to lend. With a territory less than one sixth part of North Carolina, she has now more population, and by actual assessment near four times as much wealth. The City of Boston alone is worth more than the whole State of North Carolina. If North Carolina will imitate her, she will surpass her. Massachusetts, said Mr. Dobbin, we, some twenty years hence, may lend our millions to some far off frontier State, which then may be as needy as we are now.

Mr. Dobbin was frequently applauded by the members, in spite of the Chairman's efforts to preserve decorum. Indeed, a man must be stoically indifferent to the welfare of his State, not to be moved by such eloquent appeals."

We do not pretend (nor do we presume does the Register) to present any thing like a sketch of that gentleman's remarks; but we are happy to say that we shall have it in our power to lay them at an early day, in full, before our readers.

During the pendency of this most important bill before the House, other gentlemen spoke in its favor; and when its final passage was announced, the Hall of Representatives fairly shook with the applause of members and spectators. The hour was a momentous and an exciting one, and seemed to be regarded as the harbinger of a brighter day for No. Carolina.

Mr. Person, of Moore, spoke with much ability and eloquence in favor of some general system, but in opposition to the bill before the House. He said he would vote cheerfully for a single great State work; but he could not consent to attach to such work appropriations for improvements of a local character.

Mr. Person, of Northampton, also spoke with his accustomed force and clearness, on the merits of the bill. Without submitting any opinion as to the expediency of a general system of improvements, he said he was understood to be opposed to the bill under consideration, on account of the local work which it embraces.

When the name of Mr. Mosely, of Warren, was called, he rose and briefly stated his reasons why he should vote for the bill. They were such as reflect credit on his head and heart; and we have no doubt his course will be approved by the Democracy of Warren.

Mr. Shuford, of Catawba, also briefly stated his reasons for voting for the bill. He said he believed he was doing right; and while he accorded to his intelligent and respected colleagues the privilege of pursuing such a course as their own judgments and consciences dictated, he claimed nothing more for himself.

Mr. Sanders, of Johnson, also voted for the bill on its third reading. We know he differed from his colleague with regret; but we feel confident that he was actuated by an honest desire to improve the State and advance the interests of his constituents.

When the name of Mr. Trull, of Anson, was called, he answered in the negative; but before the result was announced, he rose and said that he could not sit there and vote against his conscience, and so he asked leave to change his vote. He voted for the bill.

And now, one word to our friends. We believe we are all in favor of some system of State improvements, but we differ as to time and manner. Let not this difference in opinion produce discord or irritation among ourselves. Why should we condemn a friend who cannot go with us for this or that project; or why, on the other hand, should we be censured because we desire to act now, and are willing to borrow money to develop the State's resources? And why should this section or that complain of our course, when we

stand ready to advocate the interests of all, and to open our columns for the friends of every measure?

We have no hesitation in saying that we approve the course of Mr. Dobbin in this matter, and that we would cheer him on by every means in our power. A different route from the one which he has so eloquently advocated, would perhaps have rebounded more to the interests of his immediate constituents; but finding that the Central Road was the only one which was likely to succeed at present, he threw himself forward in its favor, and forgetting for the moment all other considerations, he devoted all his energies and efforts to the State at large. But should this Road be constructed, his constituents will share in the general welfare; and in addition to this, if the Plank Road bill should become a law, (as we hope it will) his own people will at once realize, from that as well as from other measures, the benefits of his active and untiring labors in their behalf.

THE GOLD DOLLAR AGAIN.

Mr. McKay has introduced a bill into the House of Representatives to authorize the coinage of one dollar gold pieces at the mint, which will pass, we hope, *nonne contradicendum*.

We go for gold, for gold, for the gold dollar, and for golden opinions, could we be fortunate enough to win them. That the gold dollar should find objectors among those who are interested in maintaining a sound, tangible, metallic, unfluctuating and non-depreciating currency, surprises us much; but there are, it seems, some who, blent with microscopic powers of vision, perceive, or think they perceive, obstacles and inconveniences—the gold dollar would be too small, might be lost, or might be paid away in the dark, or by the blind for a five-cent piece. Well, this might all happen, we admit, but it would not happen often; and we venture to assert that, allowing for all sorts of accidents and mischances, there would not be lost in ten years as large a sum with the gold dollar as there is lost with the paper dollar annually. But if provision is to be made against every possibility of losing money, we know but one way of coming at it effectually—that is, never to have any.

A writer in the Union, in order to obviate certain objections to the gold dollar, proposes to coin it with a hole in the center. We do not see the necessity of this. In some parts of South America gold dollars are very abundant, and are found to be very convenient; but they have no hole in them. They are, in fact, present nearly double the size of the dollar, that a five-cent piece does. Why not coin them so here, it is desirable that they should be broader than the five-cent piece, but we care nothing about the size, or the shape, or the effigy, or the milling. Give us the gold dollar, and be it thick or thin, broad or narrow, with or without the hole, we will give it a hearty welcome.—*Globe*.

We too, say give us the gold dollar, by all means, "and be it thick or thin, broad or narrow, with or without the hole," we will give it a merry jingle.—*Journal*.

THE DUTY OF GOVERNMENT IN EDUCATION.

A universal system of education cannot otherwise be established than by the government. It would be about as hopeless for individuals, societies, or communities, as such, to undertake the establishment of a system which should educate the entire mass, as it has been since the days of King James of England, for different religious sects to introduce their own translations of the Bible, as authoritative throughout Christendom. But the government having jurisdiction over all its people, has the power to legislate upon all subjects pertaining to their interests. And the proper education of the people being confessedly important to the interests of the community, it is legitimately within the purview of legislation. Indeed, since church and state in our republican government are separated from each other, as they ought always to be, for the interests of both, the proper education of the people is the most important subject that remains upon which to legislate.

Government is in duty bound to provide for the education of its subjects, from considerations of both duty and interest. It can accomplish for the people in relation to education, what no other agency can accomplish. And by educating the people, it not only promotes their interests as individuals, and as communities, but its own interests as a state. It promotes, it increases, the intelligence, the virtue, and the reputation of the state. Besides, it is cheaper for government to educate the people, than to pay the expenses of crime which will exist in every community where such education is not enjoyed. "Prevention is better than cure," is a true adage. The judicial system of a country usually costs more than the competent education of the masses of the people. But there is much evil in the community which is neither tried nor punished by civil law, and which sufficient wholesome education will in a great measure remove.

Parental Teaching.—If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse without bid or bridle, let them not permit him to go forth into the world unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, warm him out of it, by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them learn to resist temptation, and to find confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high-strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

How few parents are there who are sufficiently cautious and circumspect in what they do in the education of their children, or who are willing to restrain themselves from all such discourse as may instill into their minds false notions? Do they not continually hear resounded the commendation of such persons as have great estates, numerous attendants, good table, fine houses and sumptuous furniture; and does not all this amount to public approbation? Nothing is said before children without effect, and one word of esteem or admiration of riches falling from the father, is enough to create a passion for them in the son, which will grow up with his years, and perhaps never be extinguished.

Beauties of Nature.—A single flower will serve as an atmosphere to prove desecrated. Even a grain of sand bears unmistakable marks of the fingers of a most exquisite artist. The marvellous thing would be, if so much as a particle of matter could be found which presented itself to be formless and designless. There is none such in the universe. We should be terrified if we found one.

How to Live Long.—A venerable minister, who had preached some 65 years in the same place, being asked what was the secret of long life, replied, "Live early, live temperately, work hard, and keep cheerful." Another person who lived to the great age of 100 years, said, in reply to the inquiry how he lived so long, "I have always been kind and obliging, have never quarrelled with any one; have eaten and drank only to satisfy hunger and thirst, and have never been idle."

Above all things, avoid law suits; they prey upon the mind, they impair the health, and they dissipate your property.

Ohio, it is said, has more colleges in it than any other State in the Union, though it is only about fifty years old.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

The following deeply interesting story was related by Dr. Gibson, in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The Hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of the Italian Surgeons.

Andre Vesale, says the manuscript, first saw light in the city of Brussels, in the year 1514. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of the Emperor Charles V. and governor of the low countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was imperfectly understood, and scarcely to merit that term of science, which should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relating to it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels of which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of science, surmounting with admirable courage and constancy, the disgust, the terror, and even the peril, inseparable from the dissection of the human body, which he devoted himself, he was to be seen whole days and nights in the cemeteries, surrounded by the festering remains of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vultures for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed animals left there to be devoured by the carrion bird.

It was during a sojourn at Basel, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbein, the painter, Isabella Van Steenwyck, the daughter of a merchant at Haerlem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. He was scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of well-directed ambition.

The beauty of Van Steenwyck was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Haerlemmer merchant, the first physician was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law. The marriage solemnized, Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court.

She loved her husband, there was so much awe mingled with her affection as to throw an appearance of restraint over her demonstrations of love, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance, in a shrinking mind, which nothing but a strong affection could overcome. Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unobtrusively, mistook her repugnance for coldness and reserve; and accordingly, this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike, and jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Amidst the galleries of Seville, where for a woman to be young and attractive, was to command the attention and authority of the masses of the people, it was no difficult task to arouse the susceptibilities of a suspicious husband.

Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual calm and reserve, and he thought she followed wherever she was seen; but at last, something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was mentioned, betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret of causing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alvar de Solis, and he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella, whenever that nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alvar was calculated to buffet suspicion, being marked by indifference. This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not, on one occasion when his back was turned towards Don Alvar, perceived him, in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella, with an expression not to be mistaken, while she gazed and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room. Shortly after, Vesale received an anonymous note, saying, "Look to your wife and Don Alvar de Solis, and be not deceived by appearance. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about him the gloves she dropped for him at mass."

Vesale shut himself up to ponder over the most effectual means of avenging himself. His resolution was promptly taken. He had established schools of anatomy at San Lúcar and Cordova—obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them,—quitted Seville, ostensibly for that purpose, but returned the same night, concealed himself in a chamber, and waited for him, at some distance from his abode in Alcazar; which was devoted to the double purpose of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone in his vengeance, and he listened to his own counsel. At dark in the following evening, he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a note at Don Alvar's habitation, containing an embroiled glove of Isabella's and these words: "I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory, during his absence, be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella."

The assignment was promptly kept by Don Alvar. At an early hour he sought for him, but he never returned to it. Whether he had gone none could say; nor could any trace of him ever be discovered. It was supposed he must have missed his footing and fallen into the Guadalquivir, near which his abode was situated; and that his body had been swept away by the waves into the ocean. Such an accident was calculated to produce a great sensation in the place where it had happened; and Vesale, recalled, three weeks after, by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alvar the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale, to grief for the mysterious absence of her husband; and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings.

It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to do honor to her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and seated herself on an open casement that overlooked the Alcazar gardens; she waited for his coming. But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing by her.

"I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study," said he; "and taking her hand, he led her away to the study, and closed the door. Everything wore a festive air; yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops from a vial of elixir in a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to her: "Drink this," he said; "it is a sovereign cure for the complaint you are suffering from."

"Pledge me in the draught," she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask, and handing it to him, "and it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friend, Andre."

Vesale accepted the offering, and they emptied their goblets together.

"Talk of absent friends," said he, and suddenly fixing his eyes upon her "you have not spoken to me of Don Alvar de Solis. Are all hopes of hearing from him relinquished?"

He was a braggart and libertine, and boasted that no woman ever resisted his seductions, that no husband ever suspected the injury he

was preparing for him. Then, grasping his wife by the hand he led her up to a door at the farther end of the room, and drawing it wide open, revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of his bony hands, one of his bony hands, one of her embroiled gloves.

"Behold," he said, pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the object of your guilty love—contemplate him well, if the sight can render your moments happier, for you are about to die too, the wine I have just given you was poisoned!"

When the last dreadful sentence, and its still more dreadful illustration, burst upon her affrighted senses, she became paralyzed with excess of emotion, the scream which had arisen to her throat, died there, in strangling murmurs, and sinking back, she fell, as one dead, upon the arms of Vesale.

She was not dead, however; he had not poisoned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit, yet he was none the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and at last she died; and, in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena, which sometimes attend the dying. Awakening from a torpid slumber, consciousness and memory returned at once, and with them, a calm, and courage she had never possessed in the flush of life.

"Andre," said she, fixing her eyes on her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged you by thought or deed; Don Alvar pursued me with his love and threats, but I repulsed him. I never loved but you. I feared and honored as much as I loved, but I dared not tell you of his pursuit. Oh, Andre, believe my words, the dying deal not in falsehoods! Should I be thus calm were I guilty?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested that he was innocent of the death of his wife, and, with choking sob, he begged her to believe that he only feigned to give her poison, that he could not nerve his hand to take away her life; but the terror of death, and not death itself, was upon her! And, while yet she spoke, Isabella murmured—

"Thanks be to Heaven, for this! It is upon her heart, and as she did so, it ceased to beat."

A BIT OF NATURE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

A sudden thought came over me. "My dear Mrs. Timmarsh," says I, "you know how poor and how good your husband is."

"Yes," says she, rather surprised.

"Well, my dear," said I, looking her hard in the face, "Lady Tipoff, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Pooinings. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and mayhap replace the little one that God has taken from you?"

She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it, than she sprang to her bonnet, and said

"Come, come; and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Gosvenor square. The air did her no harm. Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery-maid in the square."

A great fellow in livery opens the door and says, "You're the forty-fifth as come about this ere place; but, fust, let me ask you a preliminary question. Are you a Irishwoman?"

"No, sir," says Mrs. T.

"That's sufficient, mem," says the gentleman in plush; "I see you're not by your accent. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You'll find some more candid for the place up stairs; but I sent away forty-four happy ones, because they was Irish."

We were taken up stairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady who was there, to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the boy and her ladyship were, the old lady told me both were pretty well; only the doctor said Lady Tipoff was too delicate to nurse any longer; and so it was considered necessary to have a wet nurse.

There was another young woman in the room, a tall, fine woman, as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contemptuous at Mrs. T. and me, and said "I've brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I nurse; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, mem, my Lady Tipoff may look far before she finds such another nurse as me. Five feet six high, had the small pox, married to a corporal in the life-guards, perfectly healthy, best of character, only drink water, and as for the child, ma'am, if her ladyship had six, I've a plenty for them all."

As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet.—"The woman got up and made him a low courtesy, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill-manners, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her, and said, "Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place too?"

"Yes, sir," says she, blushing.

"You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had? What character have you?"

Your wife didn't answer a word; so I stepped up, and said, 'Sir,' says I, 'this lady has just lost her first child, and isn't used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you'll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in.'

The doctor at this sat down, and began talking very kindly to her; he said he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative Lady Tipoff was; and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma'am, in an elegant lace cap, and a sweet muslin rose de sham.

A nurse came out of her ladyship's room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms.

First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Timmarsh, rather rudely, as I thought, ma'am, was looking into the next room; looking—looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of the best man in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had

brought him a haunch of venison. Then Lady Tipoff looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story how you had been head clerk, and that rascal, Brough, had brought you to ruin. 'Poor thing!' said my lady; Mrs. Timmarsh did not speak, but still kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her.

'Poor thing!' said my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very kind, 'she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?'

'Five weeks and two days!' says your wife, sobbing.

Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was thinking of.

'Silence, woman!' says she angrily to the great grenadier woman, and at this moment the child in the next room began crying.

'As soon as your wife heard the noise, she sprang from her chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her breast, and said, 'The child—the child—give it me!' and then began to cry again.

My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the next room & brought her the baby, and the baby clung to her as if he knew her; and a pretty sight it was to see that dear woman with the child at her bosom.

When my lady saw it, what do you think she did? After looking on for a moment, she put her arms round your wife's neck, and kissed her.

'My dear,' said she, 'I am sure you are as good as you are pretty, and you shall keep the child, and thank God for sending you to me!'

'These were her very words; and Dr. Bland, who was standing by, says, 'It's a second judgment of Solomon!'

'I suppose, my lady, you don't want me?' says the big woman, with another courtesy.

'Not in the least!' answers my lady, haughtily, and the grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full length, and Mr. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the beautiful room that Mrs. Timmarsh is to have next to Lady Tipoff's; and when my Lord came home, what does he do but insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney coach, as he said he must apologize to you for keeping your wife away.

From the Albany Cultivator.

Families who kill their own beef and pork, always have various odds and ends which may be worked up in such a way as to form some of the most wholesome and palatable dishes.

TRIPE.—Take tripe as soon as practicable after it comes from the animal, rinse it well in cold water, and immediately sprinkle a thick coating of air-slackened lime over the inside; roll it up, and let it lie till the next day. Then cut it in pieces eight or ten inches square, scrape it and put it in soak in salt water, where it should remain seven or eight days, or until the strong smell is entirely gone—changing the salt and water every day—then boil it tender. It may be soured like pigs' feet, or it may be broiled, fried with sausages, or dipped in batter and fried alone.

SOUSE.—Take pigs' feet, the head, &c., and after being well cleaned, boil them in water with a little salt, till the meat drops off. Then slip out the largest bones, and put the meat in a stone jar or well-seasoned wood firkin. Make a liquor to cover them, as follows: Take one quart of the liquor they were boiled in two quarts of vinegar, spiced with cloves, allspice, pepper, and cinnamon. While the meat is still warm, pour the liquor, boiling hot, upon it. In a few days it is fit for use; and may be either rolled in flour and fried in lard or sausage fat, or warmed in a little of the liquor, or eaten cold. The feet and shanks of cattle, cleaned in the same manner as pigs' feet, are excellent. When sufficiently boiled, all the bones should be taken out, the meat and sinews immediately chopped fine, and seasoned with salt, pepper, allspice, summer-savory, and sage. When wanted for use, they may be warmed over in a little butter, and are nice, delicate eating—scarce inferior to oysters, which they somewhat resemble. They make equally as good soups as pigs' feet. The jelly which is left, after they are boiled, makes excellent blanc mange.

SAUSAGES.—Chop six pounds of lean with two pounds of fat pork, four table spoonsful of salt, six ditto of powdered sage, four of black pepper and two of cloves—a little rosemary may be added. If not stuffed, keep the meat in a tin vessel, tied down close; and when to be used, roll it into cakes, dust them with flour, and fry.

Going his Death.—Captain Liv, of the 'Floating Temple,' on the occasion of the grand ball one night, met among the company an old customer of his, who was indebted to the Captain for a bill of groceries of some years standing, and politely reminded him of the matter to liquidate the liquor bill.

'Can't do it,' replied the debtor.

'Don't mean to say you won't!' suggested the Captain.

'Well, I do,' was the response.

'You're a good stone-cutter, and have some good marble in your yard?' was the further inquiry.

'Yes.'

'Well, if you'll make me a tomb stone, I'll just die for the sake of getting that debt out of you, and call it even.'

'I won't do that either,' persisted the customer, and the captain sloped.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears which give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

They tell a story of a man out West who had a hare lip, upon which he performed an operation himself by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh—it adhered and filled up the place admirably. This was all well enough until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise moustaches, when one side grew hair and the other feathers.

Gravity is the ballast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.—*Dr. Thomas Fuller*.

LIME! LIME!! LIME!!!

1000 BBLs. landing; also, Hydraulic Cement; Calced Plaster; Plastering Hair, Fire Brick, &c.

J. C. & R. B. WOOD, Builders and Contractors.

August 18th, 1848.—[49]

WHISKEY, PORK, BACON, &c.

20 bbls. N. O. Rectified Whiskey; 2 do do country Rye Whiskey; 5 do N. E. Rum; 5 do Gin; 5 do Brandy; 5 gr. casks Malaga Wine; 5.000 lbs. N. C. Bacon—Sides and Hams; 30 bbls. Mess Pork; 10 do, Prime do; 20 do Canal Flour. For sale by W. L. SMITH.

LIST OF BLANKS.

ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs
do do Subpoenas
do do Fi. Facs.
County Court Seals
Apprentice's Indentures
Letters of Administrators
Jury's Tickets
Peace warrants
Constable's bonds
Notes of hand
Chattel Mortgage
Branch Bank of the State

Appeal Bonds
Marriage License
Guardian Bonds
Administrator's do
Military Ca Sas
Land Deeds
Negro Bonds
Warrants, Ca Sas
Ca Sa Bonds
Bills Sale, Negro
Certificates of Justices attending Court

Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the usual post despatch.

Officers of the Court and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give us a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

BACK COUNTRY LIQUOR.

10 Bbls Apple Brandy; 10 bbls Old Whiskey. [Dec. 1.] For sale by W. L. SMITH.

FRESH BUCKWHEAT.

Half and quarter bbls., known to be good. For sale by WM. A. GWYER.

SARSAPARILLA.

Townsend's, Sands, (in quart bottles,) Sands, (small,) Webster's, Gralfenberg's, Carpenter's, and Sands' (solid) of Sarsaparilla, &c.

W. H. LIPPIETT, Druggist and Chemist.

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LAFAYETTE HOUSE.

The subscriber takes this method of returning his thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage he has received; and at the same time most respectfully informs his old customers and the public at large, that the LAFAYETTE HOUSE, next door above the Hanover House, and nearly opposite the Cape Fear Bank, on Front Street, (his old stand,) is still open for the reception of transient or steady boarders. He will at all times be happy to wait upon those who shall favor him with their custom, and he will spare no pains to render them comfortable while they are with him. His table is furnished with the best of the market afford.

His BAR ROOM, at the old well known Rock Strata, will be found at all times handsomely filled up with the best of Liquors and Refreshments.

DAVID THALLY, Sept. 1, 1848.—[51-ly]

FRUIT TREES, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has removed his Nursery Establishment from Randolph county to Guilford county, near Greensboro